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CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE *

IF proof were needed that the whole method of Elizabethan criticism requires revision, nothing could be found better fitted to supply such proof than Mr. Ingram's work on Marlowe. In many respects it is a commendable book; there is much patient research shewn in the production of a multitude of small—and, I must add, very small—facts about persons and places and genealogies; and if this kind of scholarship is a proof of learning, Mr. Ingram is a very learned man. Indeed, it is worthy of remark that the credit of high rank in this field does not seem to depend on poetic insight, or even grasp of historic fact, or large views of the aims and purposes of literary creation; there is no broad philosophy or deep human wisdom in it. If a critic knows Ben Jonson well, or a multitude of small books that are almost forgotten and deservedly neglected, if he is well posted in allusions and skilful in the deciphering of old manuscripts, he is a most superior person, standing head and shoulders above the level of less ambitious students, who toil in the same field, but are destitute of these mystic endowments.

Yet, we may ask—What is the outcome of all these

* "Christopher Marlowe, and His Associates," by John H. Ingram. London: Grant Richards, 1904. 12/6.

highly prized accomplishments? A very good illustration of this is presented in Mr. Ingram's volume. If we are to do justice to Marlowe, and approach *Tamburlaine*, and *Hero and Leander* with proper critical credentials, we must carefully observe that his great grandfather was a tanner, who left directions in his will that a certain crucifix belonging to Holy Cross Church should be well gilt; that Marlowe's mother was the daughter of the Rev. Christopher Arthur; that John Marlowe, the poet's father, was a shoemaker, and became a duly recognised citizen on the payment of four shillings and a penny—which must of course be written “iiiiis. id. ;”—etc., etc. I do not for one moment wish to undervalue these small details; they supply local colouring, and give vivacity and picturesque quality to the narrative in which they are incorporated; they supply slight but significant indications of the social environments and habits of the inhabitants of towns, villages and cities. They are the stock-in-trade of the historical novelist. But they are not personal history; they are not the windows through which we may peep into a poet's soul. A critic may be plentifully endowed with such facts as these, and yet unconscious of the interior significance of a work of art which has some remote outside relation to them; he may be only on the same level as the setter who follows a sportsman, who can point to the game but has no power to shoot it: and his appreciation of his subject may be as musty and dusty and innutritious as the parchments which furnish him with his minute facts.

There is another characteristic commonly associated with this Dryasdust fancy for parchments—the propensity to fill in all the lacunæ of history or biography by unlimited guessing and copious speculations. Mr. Ingram is a most industrious guesser. His conjectures and fancies are ample and sometimes amusing. We

are told, for instance, how young Marlowe gathered folklore from the town and country people of his neighbourhood; how he frequented the Mystery plays, which had an important share in the formation of his intellect; we are told his thoughts as he listened to these dramas, and that he was most deeply impressed by the semi-theological plays, in which sins and virtues were personified, and the personages of the Christian Hierarchy brought on the stage for his contemplation. We are informed, to our astonishment, that Marlowe by his school associations acquired that indefinite air of education and courtesy proper to the children of the educated classes. We are even told of the lad's "quaint humour" and "studious eccentricities of temper" which hurt his mother's feelings. Mr. Ingram ought to have told us whether she whipped him, or condoned the eccentricities. We are invited to picture the mother of young Kit busy with preparations for his journey to London and Cambridge. We see his linen, his cloak, bag, his shirts and shirt-bands, his girdle and knife. We follow him to London and watch his visits of inspection to its most prominent sights. And then, when he has finished his University course, and settled in London, we are informed that he never was an actor, but a man of letters, who wrote plays, which speedily became so popular as to make Marlowe famous and prosperous. The city rings with applause; he gains entrance to the best society, he is present at the wit-combats conjured up by Fuller's imagination, (which in Mr. Ingram's pages become historical); he joins in these debates, reads a paper for discussion! visits Sir Walter Raleigh and Chapman, and is intimate with their friends and companions. All the scandals and traditions of his blasphemy and Atheism and loose living are dismissed as baseless fictions, and his death, with its unsavoury circumstances, was the result of pure

accident on which no moral comment is possible. Now all this is very entertaining, but it is simply fiction and not fact—fiction founded, if you please, more or less remotely, on fact, but still fiction and nothing else; just as historical as *Ivanhoe* or *Friar Tuck*, or if preferred, the *Richard the First* whose figure is painted on the same canvas. How can Mr. Ingram know, for instance, that the *Miracle* plays had any great share in Marlowe's education? Wandering players would not visit the same town more than once or twice in the course of several years; as we know from a little work privately published by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps giving details of the Itineraries of Shakspeare's Company. Mr. Ingram for the most part states all these so-called facts without giving any authority; and in one case what he calls the "records of a contemporary" turns out to be a nineteenth century contemporary—his own contemporary, not Marlowe's at all—not even an Englishman, but a Russian whose book was published in 1881! Here is the authority for the literary assemblies at Raleigh's house, and Marlowe's share in their debates! This is queer history indeed! Mr. Ingram's descriptions of town life, college life, and city life are doubtless true and interesting so far as they go; but there is nothing in them personal to Marlowe; they might equally well be put into a chapter of the life of many other more or less eminent men of his time; they are just as appropriate to Bishop Boyle, Harvey, Raleigh, or Harriott as to Marlowe, and Mr. Ingram makes no serious attempt to fix his ideal pictures on any real person, but assumes their application to Marlowe, who is simply a lay figure dressed in Elizabethan garments, and Mr. Ingram's sole merit is that he is a skilful *costumier*. In reading his pages we are reminded of the wag who one day stopped and planted his gaze on the stone lion, without outstretched tail, which was

placed on the top of the Northumberland House Gate-way ; and when a crowd of passers-by, as their manner is, joined in his gaze, murmured, as if to himself, "Good heavens! it wags its tail!" repeating the exclamation till a number of the bystanders echoed, "So it does, by Jove!" Then the wag walked on, quietly laughing at the illusions which he had conjured up. Mr. Ingram plays a similar trick with the British public, and doubtless most of his readers will not detect the practical joke, but will accept his pictures as drawn from life. He seems himself to be caught in his own trap and believes his own inventions ; for, not in jest but in sober earnest, he points to a motionless figure as if it were moving, and has not sufficient perception of reality to grin at his own fantasies. It is decidedly funny ; but we may not laugh too rudely. Let Browning describe the situation :

"God forbid I should find you ridiculous !

Go on ! you shall no more move my gravity
Than, when I see boys ride a cock-horse,
I find it in my heart to embarrass them
By hinting that their stick's a mock horse,
And they really carry what they say carries them."

It is not, however, true to assume that University men were as a rule scholars or gentlemen. The discussion on Education in Elizabethan times contained in another paper in this number of *BACONIANA* proves that they were a rough set, including a large proportion of idle, ignorant, beer-drinking men, fond of high jinks and vulgar sports, finding little or no profit by their residence in the University, and able to obtain a degree and yet remain ignorant, rude and disorderly. Mr. Ingram, without the least proof, so far as Marlowe is concerned, assumes the contrary, and claims for Marlowe all the characteristics which are associated with Uni-

versity graduation of the present day ; and this is a very important support of his claim of authorship.

There are not wanting most significant indications that the poems and plays attributed to Marlowe cannot be entirely his—in some cases cannot be his at all. It speaks strongly for Mr. Ingram's bias as a biographer that *not one of these indications is alluded to* ; not one of the difficulties which they suggest is fairly discussed ; most of them, and the greatest of them, (as I will show), are entirely ignored. Mr. Ingram speaks of Marlowe's notoriety and popularity as if it were a well-ascertained fact. In a fine specimen of graphic quasi-historic descriptive writing, quite in the Macaulay vein, he tells us that "the sensation which the production of *Tamburlaine* made was, till then, unparalleled. It was a new excitement, arousing admiration from some, but from others nothing save envy, hatred, and malice." Neither by quotation, nor by reference does he inform us how he came to know of this "unparalleled sensation," which is as incredible as it is unhistoric. He seems to think that *Faustus* and *Tamburlaine*, and *Hero and Leander* sprang by a single leap into the literary eminence which they now possess ; he antedates their appreciation by two or three hundred years. All the anomalies attaching to such instantaneous renown are apparently unsuspected. And even if these poems and plays were at once recognised as productions of the highest genius, there is not an atom of proof that Marlowe was identified as that genius. Not a single piece bearing his name was published during his lifetime. No complete collection of his works appeared till Robinson's edition was issued in 1826. Before Marlowe's death, only *Tamburlaine*, in two parts, had been published,—anonymously ; all the rest are posthumous. Mr. Ingram does indeed give—he could not but give—the dates of publication of these works, but

he has no explanation to offer, none seems to him to be needed, of all the perplexities arising out of these anonymous and posthumous publications. The evidence of title pages and publishers' dedications and prefaces is all sufficient for him, while every well-informed Elizabethan student knows that nothing is more open to suspicion and challenge.

The difficulties connected with Marlowe's authorship are by no means confined to title pages. Mr. Ingram must know, for instance, that *Faustus*, as we have it, cannot have been written by Marlowe. Let me succinctly state the reasons for this opinion. Marlowe died in 1593. *Faustus* was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1601, and published in 1604. A new edition, slightly altered (let that pass), was published in 1609. But in 1616 another edition appeared, and this was enlarged to half as much again; many of the scenes were re-cast or re-written; new characters were introduced, and new incidents. Mr. William Theobald has analyzed these changes, as Mr. Ingram ought to have done, as anyone may do. He finds twenty-eight characters in the 1604 edition, besides Devils, Spirits, Friars, Attendants and Chorus. The 1616 edition has thirty-seven characters besides Cardinals, Monks, Friars, Soldiers, Servants and Chorus. The Cardinal Lorraine of 1604 is left out in 1616. Robin, the hostler, becomes a Clown, and the Knight becomes Benvolio. New characters in 1616 are Raymond King of Hungary, the Duke of Saxony, Bruno, a Carter, Hostess, and three Soldiers. The play is enlarged from eighteen and a-half to twenty-six pages of modern printing. Will it be believed that Mr. Ingram takes not the smallest notice of all these hard facts?—unless, indeed, he alludes to them as “degrading interpellations,” or corruptions, which they are not, and it is idle to attempt to dispose of them in this summary manner. The new matter is of the same quality as the old, and

is evidently by the same workman: and that workman certainly was *not* Marlowe. For instance, what could Marlowe know about the persecutions of Bruno, which did not occur till eight or nine years after his death? How could he refer to Dr. Lopez, who did not become known to the public till 1594? Such passages as these are constantly, and reasonably, used by Shakespearean critics to find limiting dates for the plays in which they appear. The allusion to the return of Essex from Ireland, for instance, shews that, as the Clarendon Editor says, "it must have been acted between March 27 and September 28, 1599." Similarly, the Bruno and Lopez allusions in *Faustus* shew that it could not have been written earlier than 1594, or even 1600. What right has Mr. Ingram absolutely to neglect all these facts? No capable or impartial biographer of Marlowe could possibly pass them over, and for so well-informed a writer as Mr. Ingram to leave them unnoticed is a literary offence of such magnitude as baffles comment. We need only say, but this we must say, that *suppressio veri* is usually associated with *suggestio falsi*, and that *mala fides* is within speaking distance of both.

The reasons for this extraordinary biographical cookery are not far to seek. Mr. Ingram knows that these difficulties could not be investigated without a discussion of the Shakespearean authorship of Marlowe, and this would necessarily involve a further extension, in which the theory of Bacon's hand in both must be considered. Now all commentary on Marlowe coming from Baconian sources is entirely ignored in the text of this book. The very extended, and probably almost complete bibliography appended, gives a list of over 140 books or articles in which Marlowe is concerned. And only two works in support of the Baconian origin, one by Edwin Bormann, and the other by Count Vitzthum

von Eckstadt, are enumerated, with a brief intimation as to the former, that it is intended to prove "that the author of *Novum Organum* wrote the works attributed to Shakspeare and Marlowe." There is no reference to the two or three pamphlets on this subject by Mr. William Theobald, nor to the elaborate discussion on *Edward II.*, occupying seventy-three pages of my own "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light," which had appeared in a less extended form in the "Bacon Journal." Surely this is not fair treatment, either of his own subject or of the literature connected with it. Mr. Ingram mutilates his biography, and abridges his bibliography, in order, apparently, to exclude a distasteful topic which would distort or destroy some of his own conclusions.

Mr. Ingram must know that, even from his own point of view, the Shakesperean authorship of Marlowe is more than hinted at, and cannot be dismissed as an unsupported and unsound speculation. So impossible is it to keep Shakespeare out of Marlowe, that Mr. Ingram himself is driven to the monstrous absurdity of—not speculating or surmising, but almost asserting—that "From time to time the two poets seem to be seen in *Henry the Sixth* face to face, speaking through their *dramatis personæ*. Shakespeare appears as Winchester, the haughty, conservative prelate, whilst Marlowe assumes the rôle of Gloucester, the people's beloved Lord Protector. Cannot the voices of the two poets be heard in this dialogue?" And then he quotes the first fifty lines of *1 Henry VI.*, III. i., in which five speeches are given to Winchester, and four to Gloucester, *i.e.*, out of these fifty consecutive lines, twenty-six are supposed to be written by Shakspeare and twenty-four by Marlowe! Did'st ever hear of anything in authorship so entirely absurd and impossible? Such a co-partnership assuredly never existed either in nature

or art, unless the monstrosity of the Siamese twins can be reproduced in literature. Elsewhere Mr. Ingram quotes a passage from Shakespeare's *Henry the Sixth*, as one in which Marlowe "*reverts* to the felicity of sovereignty"; *i.e.*, repeats in different language what he had before written in *Tamburlaine*, so that the identification of Shakespeare and Marlowe is assumed in his own pages. The absolute identity of style between Shakespeare and Marlowe, which is noticed by many critics, cannot be ignored even by Mr. Ingram, but he explains it by a purely gratuitous and baseless theory of co-operation. Marlowe, he says, "subjected his mind and style to Shakespeare's," and that before any Shakespeare book had been published—and, after a long quotation from 3 *Henry VI.*, which is more indisputably Shakespearean than 1 *Henry VI.*, he adds, "If that be not Marlowe's work, it only proves that Shakespeare followed in his footsteps." So that we have alternately Shakespeare following Marlowe, and Marlowe following Shakespeare — Man and Master alternately changing places. Never was there such a complete *reductio ad absurdum*.

Mr. Ingram agrees with Mr. Richard Simpson that "the very structure of *Edward II.* seems to bear witness to the counsel and aid of Shakespeare;" and he himself immediately adds, "Marlowe's reflections in this drama are sometimes so Shakespearean in tone and temper that one is frequently prompted to think he must have been dipping his pen" (a safe and non-compromising metaphor!) "into the inkhorn of the young man from Warwickshire. There is the ring of Shakespeare in these words of fiery young Mortimer, the prototype of the still more fiery Hotspur:"—then follows sixteen lines from *Edward II.*, I. iv. 402—417. He continues,—“and again in the advice of the crafty younger Spenser to Baldock, tutor of the ‘King’s

Neice,'"—and quotes *Edward II.*, II. i. 31—43. "All this" Mr. Ingram assures us, "is quite foreign to Marlowe's customary "spiritual tone." . . . Does not the sign-manual of Shakespeare appear in such similes as these?—

"The shepherd, nipt with biting winter's rage,
Frolics not more to see the painted spring,
Than I do to behold your Majesty."*

Mr. Ingram is thus perpetually giving Marlowe away and then taking him back,—dismissing Shakespeare and then recalling him. Now if the admitted identity in "tone and temper" between Shakespeare and Marlowe in *Edward II.* is connected with the actual identities in thought and expression, amount to about 130 instances,—and if to this be added some ninety words of rare occurrence common to the two,—and then if we add a number of other characteristic forms of phraseology, such as the use of *over* words (e.g., overbase, over-pierced, over-watched, etc.); the promotion to poetic service of very commonplace words, such as suck, mewed, Jack,—the similar style of echoing retort or repartee,—the use of either wonder, or the winds, at the entrance of a scene,—and if to all these we add the eight or ten instances in which the dramatic situation in *Edward II.* anticipates similar situations in Shakespeare,—by the time half of these comparisons are brought to view, the question which Mr. Ingram

* Compare,

"Where biting cold would never let grass grow."
—2 *Henry VI.*, III. ii. 337.

"Barren winter with his wrathful nipping cold."
—*Ib.*, II. iv. 3.

"Welcome hither as is the spring to the earth."
—*Winter's Tale*, V. i. 151.

"Paint the meadows with delight."
—*Love's Labour's Lost*, V. ii. 905.

habitually shirks becomes urgent, and we are forced to question whether these multitudinous points of similarity do not pass the limits of dual authorship, and force upon us the question of identity. All the comparisons produced by Mr. Ingram to prove co-operation are better arguments for identity. Mr. Ingram evidently perceives that it is a necessity for his standpoint that the three *Henry VI.* plays should be given over to Marlowe. For if they are Shakespeare's so also must be the *Contention* and the *True Tragedy*, which are evidently early drafts of 2 *Henry VI.* and 3 *Henry VI.* But Marlowe must have these, or else his hold on all the rest of the poems and plays attributed to him is loosened. Now there can be no reasonable doubt as to the "Shakespearean" (to use the current and non-compromising phraseology) authorship of the second and third numbers of this Trilogy; and the authority of the 1623 Folio seems conclusive as to the authorship of them all. This will never do! Accordingly the authority of the Folio must be questioned; as Mr. Ingram says, "The 1623 Folio was evidently hastily and carelessly edited, and must not be too rigidly believed in." Then, down goes another inconvenient authority!—"Whilst the Volume by Francis Meres is so fanciful, so reliant upon humour, and wilfully imaginative, that none of the assertions, unless corroborated by unimpeachable authority, may be accepted"; he is simply a dealer in "fantastic fooleries." And so the whole foundation of Shakespeare evidence is undermined, and we are thrown back upon our own,—or rather Mr. Ingram's—internal consciousness. Here is chaos, confusion, utter bewilderment and desolation! It seems to me that the only rescue from this critical rioting and destructiveness,—this raging literary phrenesis,—is a frank admission that the question must be approached in a different way, and that, among other

devices, we must appeal to Francis Bacon to shed his light on these dark places, and lift the floundering critics out of their quandary.

For aught that we are concerned Mr. Ingram is welcome to all that he proves, or wishes to prove about Marlowe in his private and personal character. I do not think he is quite successful in rebutting the charges of Atheism and heresy brought against him. The traditions are somewhat plentiful and unanimous. It is, however, somewhat surprising that he should find some reason for suspecting the documents quoted by Professor Boas and reproduced by him in facsimile, in the fact that the Latin quotations are written in an italicized writing, different from the rest. Here also Mr. Ingram nibbles at co-partnership, which seems to be his hobby. No one who has had even a slight experience in deciphering Elizabethan script can be ignorant of the fact that nearly all Latin quotations are thus written, contrasting strongly with the adjacent calligraphy. Instances of this abound in the Northumberland House MSS. reproduced in collotype by the patient industry of Mr. Burgoyne. It seems unquestionable that in Elizabethan times a double script was current, something like that which remains in German writing now. Men of education could write in the ordinary character as well as the Italian. Shakspeare, if he could write at all, wrote the former only. Bacon wrote in both. Whether Marlowe was a blasphemer and a rake or not is not of any great importance now, and we might, without affecting in one way or another the question of authorship, give him the benefit of Mr. Ingram's doubts. But why should we dismiss all the traditions that point to loose living and blasphemous speech? Mr. Ingram simply settles the question by wholesale incredulity and discrediting of witnesses. One of the most trustworthy witnesses, who must have had reason and evidence for

his representations, is the poet of *Parnassus*. When these dramas were written one or two of the works attributed to Marlowe had been published with his name, and doubtless the poet did not care to dispute their authorship, even if he knew all about it. Accordingly he puts into the mouth of Judicio the following *signalement* of Marlowe :—

“ Marlowe was happy in his buskind muse,
 Alas ! Unhappy *in his life and end*.
 Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell,
 Wit lent from heaven, *but vices sent from hell*.”

This witness is disbelieved for no good reason that we can discover, as well as Gabriel Harvey, Greene, Meres, Kyd ;—all are similarly dealt with. Dyce was more judicial. He weighed evidence, instead of summarily accepting or neglecting it according as it suited his foregone conclusions. His summary is as follows :—

“ How far the poet’s free thinking was really carried, I do not pretend to determine. I certainly feel that probability is outraged in several of the statements of Bame, who appears to have had a quarrel with Marlowe, and who, it must not be forgotten, was afterwards hanged at Tyburn ; and I can readily believe that the Puritans would not stick at misrepresentation in speaking of a man whose writings had so greatly contributed to exalt the stage. But when I see that the author of *The Returne from Parnassus*, whom no one will suspect of fanaticism, has painted Marlowe in the darkest colours, while at the same time he bestows a high encomium on his genius ; and, above all, when I remember that, before either Bame or the Puritans had come forward as his accusers, the dying Greene had borne unequivocal testimony against him to the very same effect,—it is not easy for me to resist the conviction that Marlowe’s impiety was more confirmed and daring than Wartom and others have been willing to allow.”

Marlowe seems to have had some kind of acquaintance with some of the distinguished men of his time ;

such as Sir Francis Walsingham and Chapman, if we may rely on the doubtful evidence of publishers' prefaces and dedications, perhaps also Raleigh and Harriott. That he knew William Shakspeare there is no proof,—and if he did he could not gain any valuable assistance from the unlettered playwright. But during his life he was *not* distinguished. It was not an unnatural circumstance for a University man, fairly well educated, and belonging to a respectable Canterbury family, to associate with men of the same class in London or elsewhere. But there is no proof that he was an author, except in name, and on title pages of posthumous date.

R. M. THEOBALD.

EDUCATION AT THE UNIVERSITIES

THE author of the recently published biography of Marlowe does not appear to appreciate that a college education in the XVIth century was not then equivalent to what it is now. The casual reader is left to infer that the Universities were wells of erudition and that matriculation was the hall mark of a gentleman and a scholar. Was this so? It is somewhat surprising to learn that it was the exception rather than the rule for the better classes to give their sons a college education. "It was thought enough," says a contemporary (quoted in Goadby's *England of Shakespeare*), "for a nobleman's son to wind their horn, carry their hawk fair and leave study and learning to mean people"; a statement endorsed by the fact that the great majority of college students were "ragged clerks," labourers' sons and such like. Mullinger, in his "History of Cambridge University," Vol. II., p. 399, states that, "Intermingling with a certain small

minority of scions of noble houses and country squires we find the sons of poor parsons, yeomen, husbandmen, tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, innkeepers, tallow chandlers, bakers, vintners, blacksmiths, curriers, ostlers, labourers, and others, whose humble origin may be inferred from the fact that they are described merely as 'plebeians.'"

This assertion awakes a vague questioning as to whether, what Ben Jonson terms "the green and soggy multitude" must not have been in reality a highly educated and a cultured class. The suggestion will raise a smile. As a matter of fact, instead of being elevated by the bathing which they received at wisdom's font, the rabble, by which the Universities were swamped, seem to have run riot and to have dragged down learning to their own melancholy level. Brawls and disturbances between the authorities and the students were of frequent occurrence.

Mullinger leads one to suppose that it was a traditional custom at the University of Cambridge for students to ignore study.

"It was only when some lecturer of more than ordinary reputation, like Albericus, appeared, that his fame, and perhaps the novelty of the subject, attracted more than one or two listeners. . . . We learn, on authority which can hardly be called in question, that the schools still usually presented the same deserted aspect as in the days when Walter Haddon and Dr. Caius uttered their pathetic remonstrances and laments, that to ignore the ordinary lectures of the professors had become by this time a tradition in the college."*

"At the University of Cambridge," says the miserable Greene, "I light among wags as lewd as myself, with whom I consumed the flower of my youth."

* "History of Cambridge," Vol. II., p. 426.

The average student here and on the continent, seems to have been, not unfairly, characterised by a contemporary professor who describes him as one who "cares nought for wisdom, for acquirements, for the studies which dignify human life, for the Churches' weal or for politics. He is all for buffooneries, idleness, loitering, drinking, lechery, boxing, wounding, killing." * It appears from the State papers of the time that in one year (1570) the students of Trinity College, Cambridge, consumed two thousand two hundred and fifty barrels of beer.† If these thirsty drinkers proved but untoward scholars, it must be conceded that much of the blame rested with their teachers. "Whereas they make one schollar, they marre ten," averred Peacham, who describes one country specimen as whipping his boys on a cold morning "for no other purpose than to get himself a heate." ‡

Giordano Bruno, who visited Oxford in 1582-4, avers that the pedantry of its scholars, their ignorance and arrogance, conjoined with the rudeness of their demeanour, would have tried the patience of a Job.§

Contemporary observers depict the Universities, not as flourishing homes of learning and virtue, but as "abodes of discontent and brawling."

Walter Travers, a fellow of Trinity, describes the colleges as, "the haunts of drones, the abodes of sloth and luxury (lasciviousness), monasteries whose inmates yawn and snore, rather than colleges of students, trees not merely sterile but diffusing a deadly miasma all around." ||

Mr. Andrew Lang informs us that, in the time of Elizabeth, Oxford was "so illiterate that she could not even provide a University preacher!" ¶

* "History of Cambridge," Vol. II., p. 434.

† "The England of Shakespeare," Goadby, p. 73.

‡ Ibid., p. 99. § See Mullinger, Vol. II., p. 284. || Ibid., p. 263.

¶ "Oxford," p. 101.

"The Universities," says Goadby, "did little or nothing to instruct in natural philosophy, either for the want of the men to teach, or the means to pay them."*

Not only in natural philosophy, but in every other branch of knowledge, a state of affairs existed, so difficult for a modern mind to realise, that we shall, as far as possible, give the facts in the words of our authorities.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century the sole exponent of Hebrew, at Cambridge, was a poverty-stricken Jew, who earned a precarious livelihood by giving private instruction, "probably," says Mullinger, "in the rudiments of the language." At Oxford, another poor Jew was similarly licensed to teach rudiments. Circumstances compelled the Cambridge Jew, whose name was Ferdinand, to leave the University. "Among those," observes Mullinger, "who deplored his departure, was William Eyre, a learned fellow of Emanuel, who, writing to Ussher (afterwards the Archbishop) observes that, '*While Ferdinand remained,*' there existed 'a slight hope' that 'by his means, a certain knowledge of the language might be kept alive at the University.'"

"If Hebrew," continues Mullinger, "was yet so much neglected (at least in our own University) we can hardly be surprised to find that the study of Greek was equally on the wane. When John Bois entered at St. James' College in 1580, the knowledge of the language in the former house of Ascham and Cheke had become almost extinct."

By the efforts of one bright particular star, the study was to some extent revived, "but for the last forty years of the century, it had but few cultivators." After citing four examples of conspicuous scholars, Mullinger observes, "If to these instances we add the

* "England of Shakespeare," p. 103.

well-known attainments of Aylmer and perhaps one or two others, we shall have before us the chief names which serve to prove that a knowledge of Greek at Cambridge, at the period of which we are treating, was not wholly extinct. 'One's industry,' wrote Casaubon to Camerarius in 1594, 'is sadly damped by the reflection how Greek is now neglected and despised. Looking to posterity or the next generation, what motive has one for devotion to study?' " *

In view of these facts we can only accept with considerable reserve the statement quoted by Mr. Ingram, that, "In their conversation with each other, except during the hours of relaxation, the students were required to use either Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew" (p. 69).

As a proof of Marlowe's perseverance and ability we are told that he obtained his B.A. degree in 1584, and in 1587 the higher distinction of M.A., "which could not have been acquired even in those days without much hard study" (p. 90).

This does not accord with the evidence of Strype that, "The University giveth degrees and honours to the unlearned, and the Church is filled with ignorant ministers, being for the most part poor scholars" †; nor with Mullinger's statement that the requirements for the attainment of M.A. had become limited to the keeping of one or two acts and the composition of a single declamation" (Vol. II., p. 414).

At the age of fifteen, Francis Bacon entreated to be removed from Cambridge, as he had acquired everything the University had to teach!

All testimony tends to shew that in the age of Shakespeare the Universities, so far from being depositories of all science and all learning, had fallen to

* "History of Cambridge," Vol. II., p. 420.

† Quoted in Mullinger, Vol. II., p. 284.

be mere elementary and badly conducted schools, wanting, as Peter Martyr said, in loyalty, in faith, in teachers, and even in any hope for learning.

The easiest means to attain distinction were theology and disputation. These two subjects, conceived in a narrow and intolerant spirit, absorbed the best brain power of the country. Mullinger states that the Universities "came to be regarded as little more than seminaries for the education of the Clergy of the Established Church."

To how deep a degradation this priesthood had fallen was discussed in a previous number of *Baconiana* (No. 6, p. 77).

The future career of the rabble, who mainly constituted the student class, is ominously foreshadowed by the fact that the Poor Law of 1572, aiming at the suppression of the beggars and vagrants who swarmed over the face of the country, included in the term vagabond, "scholars of the Universities begging without license from the University authorities."* This in all probability, is the reason why Travers characterised the Colleges as trees not merely sterile but diffusing deadly miasma around. They seem to have been a germinating ground for the spirit of disputation which fruited in the religious evils of the time and is manifest to-day in the variety of sects by which Christendom is divided.

It is mentioned by Defoe that in his lifetime, thirty thousand stout fellows were ready and anxious to lay down their lives for "No Popery," not knowing for a certainty whether Popery was a man or a horse. If we imagine in an earlier and more ignorant period the effect of a fractionally educated rabble equipped with a beggar's license and dispersed over the length and breadth of the land, to shout their shibboleths at

* "Social England," Trail, Vol. III., p. 756.

“Prophesyings” and such like disorderly gatherings, it will go far to explain the ferocities of witch-finding and the excesses which fouled the name of religion. This inference is confirmed by a passage put into the mouth of *George Pyeboard* in the *psuedo*-Shakespearean play *The Puritan*, Act I, Scene 2 (1607). George Pyeboard is unquestionably George Peele, a baker’s pieboard still being sometimes called a peel (*paelle* Fr. *instrument de pâtissier*).

“The multiplicity of scholars, hatch’d and nourish’d in the idle calms of peace, makes them, like fishes, one devour another; and the community of learning has so played upon affections, that thereby almost religion is come about to phantasy and discredited by being too much spoken of, in so many and mean mouths. I myself, being a scholar and a graduate, have no other comfort by my learning but the affectation of my words, to know how, scholar-like, to name what I want; and can call myself a beggar both in Greek and Latin. And therefore not to cog with peace, I’ll not be afraid to say, ’tis a great breeder, but a barren nourisher; a great getter of children, which must either be thieves or rich men, knaves or beggars.”

Gloomy evidence to a similar effect is furnished on this subject by the anonymous comedy *The Return from Parnassus*. As Professor Arber observes:—

“This Satirical Drama seems to have been composed by the wits and scholars of Cambridge, where it was acted at the opening of the last century. The design of it was, to expose the vices and follies of the rich in those days, and to show that little attention was paid by that class of men to the learned and ingenious.

“Several Students, of various capacities and dispositions, leave the University in hopes of advancing their fortunes in the metropolis. One of them attempts to recommend himself by his publications; another, to

procure a benefice by paying his court to a young spark, named Amoretto, with whom he had been intimate at College; two others endeavour to gain a subsistence by successively appearing as physicians, actors, and musicians: but the Man of Genius is disregarded, and at last prosecuted for his productions; the benefice is sold to an illiterate Clown; and in the end, three of the scholars are compelled to submit to a voluntary exile, another returns to Cambridge as poor as when he left it; and the other two, finding that neither their medicines nor their music would support them, resolve to turn shepherds, and to spend the rest of their days on the Kentish Downs."

In Act IV., Scene 5, the players Burbage and Kemp are introduced, and make overtures to the students to throw in their lot with the players.

"Is it not better," says Kemp, "to make a foole of the world as I have done, than to be fooled of the world, as you schollers are? But be merry, my lads, you have happened upon the most excellent vocation in the world for money: they come North and South to bring it to our playhouse, and for honours, who of more report, then *Dick Burbage* and *Will. Kempe*, he is not counted a Gentleman, that knowes not *Dick Burbage* and *Wil Kempe*, there's not a country wench than can dance Sellingers Round but can talke of *Dick Burbage* and *Will Kempe*."

The students contemptuously repudiate the proposition :—

"And must the basest trade yeeld us reliefe?
Must we be practis'd to those leaden spouts,
That nought downe vent but what they do receive?"

Yet, eventually, two of them by stress of necessity become wandering fiddlers. They soliloquise as follows :

"Better it is mongst fidlers to be chiefe,
 Then at plaiers trencher beg reliefe.
 But ist not strange this mimick apes should prize
 Unhappy Schollers at a hireling rate.
 Vile world, that lifts them up to hye degree,
 And treades us downe in groveling misery.
 England affordes those glorious vagabonds,
 That carried earst their fardels on their backes,
 Coursers to ride on through the gazing streetes,
 Sooping it in their glaring Satten sutes,
 And Pages to attend their maisterships :
 With mouthing words that better wits have framed."

Whether Marlowe ultimately became a "leaden spout" or one of the better wits who framed words for the staggers' "mouthing" is elsewhere discussed.

"SHAKESPEARE'S BOOKS." *

THIS book somewhat narrowly escapes meeting a distinct want, inasmuch as the subject whereof it treats has as yet received neither the amount of, nor sort of attention which its importance deserves. It affords evidence of much reading and research, and is almost completely free from those truculent amenities of language which so disfigure, not to say disgrace, the writings of too many of the "Shakespearean" school. The work is prefaced by a table of contents and a Synopsis very useful to the general reader, and is furnished as well with a good index.

The subject matter of Mr. Anders' book has already been partly covered by the pretentious work of Paul Stapfer in 1880, whose title, *Shakespeare and "Classical*

* "A Dissertation on Shakespeare's Reading and the Immediate Sources of His Works," by H. R. D. Anders, B.A. (Univ. of the Cape of Good Hope, Ph.D. Berlin Univ.). Berlin, Publisher and printer, George Reimer, 1904, 10/-.

Antiquity," is so miserably supported by its contents. That work is divided into 25 chapters, the fourth chapter of which alone deals in reality with Shakespeare's classical acquirements, to the extent of 34 pages out of a total of 483. Nothing of this sort can be laid to the charge of Mr. Anders, who is, moreover, a little more generous than Paul Stapfer, who would deny "Shakespeare" any knowledge of Greek, or Latin either, save perhaps Lily's Grammar and a few school books. Mr. Anders confines Shakespeare's knowledge of Greek to the following authors: Plutarch (as translated by North); Homer (perhaps through Chapman or Arthur Hall); Josephus (directly or indirectly); Heliodorus (translation by Thomas Underdowne, of the "Aethiopica"); and Marianus, who would appear to have been the source of the last two sonnets (pp. 40—44), and who was Latined in 1529.

As regards Latin, our author clearly feels himself on firmer ground, as after enumerating Lily's Grammar, Æsop's Fables, Mantuanus, Cæsar, and Cicero, he adds, "It is my purpose to show that Ovid, a favourite with Shakespeare, was known to him both in the original and in the English translation" (p. 21).

Mr. Anders might with perfect safety have expressed himself more strongly with respect to "Shakespeare's" acquaintance with the works of Ovid, as the plays contain not only numerous references (over 70) covering the whole fifteen books of the *Metamorphoses*, but another 24 references at least, derived from the *Tristia*, *Heroides*, *Amores*, *Epistolæ*, *Fasti*, *Ars Amatoria*, and the *Ibis*. Mr. Anders then goes on and adds Horace, Plautus, Seneca, Livy, Lucan and Juvenal to the list of authors with whom "Shakespeare" was acquainted. But Mr. Anders' summing up of the question on page 39 cannot pass without remark. "I have made no attempt at drawing a hard and fast line

between school-classics and Roman authors whom 'Shakespeare' may have perused in later life."

Here is *contraband* matter attempting to run the blockade of the "Historic Muse" and no mistake! What means this allusion to the literary studies of "Shakespeare's" "later life"? After his retirement to the fragrant vicinity of the kitchen-middens of his native village, there is not the slightest historical evidence that "Shakespeare" ever handled a book unless it was one of Accounts or a Ledger. There is no evidence whatever that Shakespeare in "later life" ever opened a book for improvement or pleasure. Considering, then, the deep erudition of the author of the plays (embracing as we now know some one hundred and thirty Greek and Latin authors), this account of "Shakespeare's" reading cannot be considered satisfactory; indeed, it must be condemned as careless and superficial. Take Juvenal, for instance, who has allotted to him five lines on page 38, and a single parallel quoted from Warburton; Sat. X. 188. Now Juvenal happens to be a favourite author with "Shakespeare," as the twenty-six parallelisms here given from sixteen plays sufficiently prove, the Satire and verse in each case being here quoted.*

For this very imperfect account of the classical element in the plays, Mr. Anders has made some amends by the elaborate investigation he has carried out in the remainder of the field of Shakespeare biblio-

* *Merchant of Venice*, III., 73; XV., 65. *Hamlet*, III., 100; IX., 67. *The Winter's Tale*, X., 340. *As You Like It*, X., 325 and 331; VI., 278. *Troilus and Cressida*, XV., 163; XV., 134. *Coriolanus*, XIII., 180; VIII., 272. *Antony and Cleopatra*, VIII., 171; X., 349 and 365. *Richard II.*, IX., 67. *Much Ado About Nothing*, XV., 131. *Measure for Measure*, V., 131; VI., 23. *Timon of Athens*, X., 85. *Merry Wives*, XI. 21; XIV., 47. *All's Well*, X., 41.

graphy, which merits all praise. There yet remains a charge of a different description which cannot be passed over unnoticed, which is, the unwarrantable manner Mr. Anders permits himself to speak of one, who in qualities of heart, no less than mind, was far superior to most men of either his own or any succeeding generation.

On page 291, after asserting that Shakespeare was "the child of his age and as such held crude notions," he continues, "Nor was Bacon in advance of his time. *He preached experimentation but he did not practise it.*" What is to be said of so wild, so untrue, so gratuitous a slander as this? Of course Bacon had other things to do, as Mr. Anders knows, than to be *always* engaged in "experimentation," but the above words can only be palliated on the score of complete ignorance of the man he presumes to write about and attempts to be-little. The writer of such a description of Bacon, can hardly be credited with having ever read the "*Sylva Sylvarum*," or Bacon's "*Physiological Remains*," wherein are recorded his many careful experiments on the specific gravity of various bodies and the chemical reactions resulting from the mixture of various substances. It is, moreover, a charge flagrantly inapplicable to the man who sacrificed his life (as the event proved) to his devotion in the cause of that experimentation which he is sneeringly charged with never practising! All this is very indefensible, though not altogether novel, to the literature written by the adherents of the orthodox view, with whom nothing is too absurd, too contradictory, too petty to advance for the purpose of discrediting Baconians or their theory.

To return now to a brief consideration of the contents of Mr. Anders' book, which want of space precludes doing justice to:—Chapter I., "Shakespeare and the Classics." This, as may be gathered from previous

remarks, is perhaps the least satisfactory part of the book, partly from the author not being able to claim any wide acquaintance with classical authors. At p. 28, Mr. Anders betrays his "small Latin" by his confusing the sense of the words "vivax" (long lived), and "vividus," where he translates Ovid's words "vivacis que jecur cervi" by "liver of a live stag," and uses the words "entrails of *the* wolf" for Ovid's periphrase for the "were-wolf," which amounts to mutilating Ovid, not translating him.

"Inque virum soliti vultus mutare ferinos
ambigui prosecta lupi." Met. VII., 270.

"And parts, severed from that non-descript wolf, which is wont to change its bestial features for those of a man." That is a "wer-wolf," "man-wolf," or "loup-garou," not entrails of "the" ordinary wolf.

Chapter II.—"Modern Continental Literature." This chapter deals with the acquirements of Shakespeare in French, Italian and Spanish! With regard to French the author confesses his joy at being able to conclude that "Shakespeare" was acquainted with the language, mainly it would seem from the expressed opinion of Professor Dr. Tobler, of Berlin.

With respect to Italian, Mr. Anders, in words indicating a certain amount of incertitude, says (p. 59), "We are neither in position to assert positively, nor able to deny with certainty, that Shakespeare was master of the Italian language." This is very lame; the obvious evidence that the author knew Italian is that plots were drawn from Italian novels not translated.

In an amusing note on page 54, "What can you expect of a man, though a Kreisgerichtsrat (as Stedfeld was), who cannot spell the poet's name?" the author seems to forget that Mr. Sidney Lee, that dazzling cynosure of Shakespearean Literature, has committed

a far worse offence, where in his "Life," he spells the name of the poet in a way not adopted by any of the poet's family.

Chapter III.—"The English non-dramatic Polite Literature." This chapter is full of interesting matter. Touching the Sonnets, Mr. Anders wisely declines to hazard any opinion of his own, but quotes somewhat copiously at p. 102 the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Sidney Lee, whose views are too well known to readers of BACONIANA, and too justly estimated by them at their proper value, to merit reproduction.

At page 108 we are told, "Of Francis Bacon I have not been able to discover any traces in Shakespeare's works." That Mr. Anders should not have been able to discover "*any traces*" in Shakespeare of Bacon, is one of the most remarkable confessions in his book, and it is certainly a pity that he had not read Mr. R. M. Theobald's "Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light," where he might have found them as "thick as blackberries;" or Mr. Edwin Reed's "Bacon and Shakespeare," in which 885 parallelisms are recorded. The name of Bacon, in fact, appears to have been introduced on p. 108, for the sole reason of serving as a peg on which to hang an eulogium of Mr. Sidney Lee. There is a note on this page, "From the Baconians we learn how *not* to reason. This is some good, though a negative one." This is a curious admission of a weak point with Shakespeareans, the skill they display in dispensing with *the use of argument*, however erroneous the suggestion of the source whence the useful trick was (we are told) acquired. There are, however, in fairness it must be admitted, few if any similar attempts at this sort of wit, throughout the volume.

Chapter IV. deals with the "English Drama," and contains the author's opinions of the plays of Marlowe, which are of the inevitable sort, from his monocular

type of vision. The very first words almost, on p. 120, that Marlowe was one "with whom Shakespeare came into *immediate contact* and from whom he received influences the most profound and enduring," is absolutely devoid of any historic foundation. "Immediate contact" can here only mean personal intercourse. Of course there is not the slightest proof of anything of the sort. The links between the works of Marlowe and the plays written by "Shakespeare" are innumerable, but for this, Baconians have a very simple explanation, other than a purely hypothetical one, of personal intercourse. Why does not our author inform his readers that no play of Marlowe was published under his name during his lifetime? Why does he not inform us that *immediately* on his violent death (involving intestacy), the plays of Marlowe began to appear with his name, and that the "Jew of Malta" was not published till forty years after that event? Surely the eagle-eyed race of Shakespearean critics should have some explanation for so strange a fact! At page 126 the play of *Doctor Faustus* is unblushingly introduced without a single word respecting the proof it contains, which renders its accepted authorship impossible. Or are we to consider a note on p. 126 a sufficient allusion to the existence of such proof? "The plays have come down to us in a corrupt state." Let us here examine the sort of "corruption" which this play exhibits.

Act III., Scene 1. Bruno is led in chains.

Marlowe died in 1593, but it was not till 1598 that Bruno was arrested in Venice, and ultimately burned alive in 1600. If the note on page 127 really alludes to these difficulties, it is absurd to call them corruptions of the text. The curious mystery, however, connected with this and other plays of Marlowe is always left severely alone, and all discussion of the question eschewed by Editors and Critics for no other reason

that I can suggest, except the convincing proofs thereby afforded of the Baconian authorship of the works of "Marlowe," and the fact that Marlowe was Bacon's first "mask." One other specimen I will add of the sort of difficulty which Mr. Anders flatters himself he has got rid of by curtly slurring it over as "corrupt." "The first edition of this play appeared in 1604, eleven years after the death of its reputed author! This edition contains twenty-eight characters, besides Devils, Spirits, Friars, Attendants, and Chorus. A subsequent edition in 1616 contains no less than thirty-seven characters, besides Cardinals, Bishops, Monks, Friars, Soldiers, Servants and Chorus, and these alterations and additions were made, be it remembered, twenty-three years after the reputed author's death! The characters in the 1604 edition changed or omitted in that of 1616 are, *the Cardinal of Lorraine*, omitted; *Robin the ostler*, changed to *Robin the clown*; *the Knight*, changed to *Benvolio*. The new characters introduced into the 1616 edition are, *Raymond, King of Hungary*; *the Duke of Saxony*; *Bruno*; *Carter*; *Hostess*; and three soldiers, or eight characters in all, and the play is enlarged from eighteen and a half pages to twenty-six (of modern printing), and all this twenty-three years after the author's death. This is the sort of difficulty which Mr. Anders imagines he can evade by babbling about a corrupt text.

But to proceed. Chapter V. deals with "Popular Literature, embracing Romances, Ballads, Popular Tales, Tunes, and the like. In this chapter there is a good deal of interesting matter, and we suspect it was a favourite with its author; but it is strange that he should have felt any doubt in the case he quotes in p. 158." What Arthur the Hostesse, in *Henry V.*, Act II., 3, 10, "He's in Arthur's bosom," is thinking of, it would be unsafe to say." Any school-boy would

have said, could have answered the question, as it is answered, strangely enough in a note at the bottom of the page. At page 192 Mr. Anders says Mr. Furnival printed a coarse poem, for private circulation "in order to avoid possible annoyance from any cantankerous puritan." It is not, however, to be supposed that in these days Mr. Furnival is in dread of any puritans, however "cantankerous." Chapter VI. deals with the "Bible and Prayer-book;" and Chapter VII. with "Shakespeare's Earth and Heaven," neither of which call for particular comment. In conclusion, I can recommend "Shakespeare's Books" to the reader, who is already possessed of some knowledge of the Bacon-Shakespeare question. The book is packed with information, though opinionative and one-sided to a degree. The faults which it displays should not, however, be permitted to deprive it of the praise it has in other respects rightly earned.

W. THEOBALD.

MEDICINE AND THE DRAMA

"THE earlier dramatists," says the historian J. R. Green, "were for the most part poor and reckless in their poverty; wild livers, defiant of law or common fame, in revolt against the usages and religion of their day, 'atheists' in general repute, 'holding Moses for a juggler, haunting the brothel and the alehouse and dying starved or in tavern brawls.'"

It is clear from internal evidence that these phenomenal men must have wandered systematically from the alehouses to the Hall of the Barber-surgeons, where alone could they have acquired the medical knowledge which they possessed.

Shirley, Ford, and Beaumont and Fletcher jest

negligently about the *pericranium*; Spenser, Shakespeare, and Porter allude to the *brainpan*; Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher to the *pia mater*; Massinger to the *cerebrum* and the *cutis*. Middleton writes familiarly of *chilis*, *spinal medul*, *emunctories* and *ginglymus*. He makes one of his characters observe, "I find his body *cacochymic*."

"How shall I do to satisfy *colon*?" asks Massinger in *The Unnatural Combat* (I. 1). "What trick have you to satisfy *colon*?" enquires Heywood in *Maid of the West* (II. 4). Middleton in *The Chaste Maid of Cheapside* (II. 2) considers that "the *colon* of a gentleman should be fulfilled with answerable food," and Webster in *Sir Thomas Wyatt* exclaims, "O *colon* cries out most tyrannically, the little gut hath no mercy."

That the contemned dramatists should have been adepts in physiology is little less marvellous than that four of them should simultaneously have seized upon the colon—an obscure portion of the intestines—as a jape within the reach of the egregious crowd. According to Dr. Murray, until Massinger revived it in 1622, the word had not been used in England since 1541. Its meaning would not improbably perplex nine-tenths of an educated audience at the present day.

Whatsoever may have been their method of acquirement, it is certain that the dramatists display an acquaintance with medicine so unusual, so extensive that it must have been level with, if not in advance of, the highest knowledge of their time.

The science of Therapeutics was very much on a par with Learning and Religion. Even the elements of true Medicine cannot be said to have been in existence until 1628, the date of the publication of Harvey's epoch-making discovery of the circulation of the blood. So benighted was the general state of the profession that a bald statement of the facts almost lays one open to the suspicion of exaggeration.

By Parliamentary License the Company of the Barber-surgeons possessed the sole right of teaching physiology, with the privilege of dissecting human bodies—limited to those of four criminals annually. This monopoly was so rigorously enforced that as late as 1714 a surgeon who had ventured to practise dissection on his own account was prosecuted and compelled to desist.

It was the *métier* of the Barber-surgeons, ranked by Bacon with "butchers and such base mechanical persons," to *let blood*; a function they fulfilled with such whole hearted sincerity that it brought down upon them a Parliamentary Injunction to prevent the pollution of the roadways.

A grade higher than the Barber-surgeon stood the Apothecary. His needy shop garnished with empty boxes is described in *Romeo and Juliet*. The proprietor is represented as a starveling in tattered weeds and overwhelming brows.

Around these two main classes stretched a chaotic wilderness of chirurgeons, alchemists, herbalists, charlatans, redeemed at rare intervals by an isolated genius like Harvey. Men of science were, oftener than not, alchemists; apothecaries were extensive dealers in charms and philtres; poisoning was better understood than healing.

The Chronicler of Abbot Jocelin de Brakelond observes naively that, "The physicians came about him and sorely tormented him, but they healed him not." If they prescribed anything at all similar to the palliatives of their Elizabethan descendants, life to de Brakelond cannot have been a boon. Dr. Hall, M.A., the son-in-law of William Shakespeare, in his book *Select Observations on English Bodies, or Cures both Empericall and Historicall performed upon very eminent persons in desperate Diseases*, prescribes powdered human

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skull and human fat ; tonics of earth worms and snails, solution of goose excrements, frog spawn water, and swallows' nests.

Among other recognised remedies in vogue were, pills made from the skull of a man that had been hanged ; the powder of a mummy ; "oil of scorpions ;" "blood of dragons," and the various entrails of wild animals. Dr. Andrew Boorde—from whom it is said we derive the term "Merry Andrew"—recommended his patients to wipe their faces daily with a scarlet cloth, and to wash them not oftener than once a week. It was supposed that tumours were curable by being stroked with a dead man's hand. For the ague, chips from a hangman's tree were esteemed an excellent specific. Children were treated for rickets by being passed head downwards through a cloven tree, recovering as the tree healed. There is an allusion to this practice in White's "Natural History of Selborne."

"In a farm-yard near the middle of this village stands, at this day (1776) a row of pollard ashes, which, by the seams and long cicatrices down their sides, manifestly show that in former times they have been cleft asunder. These trees, when young and flexible, were severed and held open by wedges, while ruptured children stripped naked were pushed through the apertures, under a persuasion that by such a process the poor babes would be cured of their infirmity. As soon as the operation was over, the tree in the suffering part was plastered with loam, and carefully swathed up. If the parts coalesced and soldered together, as usually fell out where the feat was performed with any adroitness at all, the party was cured ; but where the cleft continued to gape, the operation, it was supposed, would prove ineffectual."

It would be erroneous to suppose that these puerilities were countenanced merely by the lower class physicians. If anything, the specialists of the period display an ignorance more marvellous than the rank and file. Sir Theodore Mayern, born in 1573 and regarded as the greatest doctor of his day, numbering among his

patients Henry IV. and Louis XIII. of France, and James I., Charles I., and Charles II. of England, relied upon pulverised human bones and "raspings of a human skull unburied." His balsam of bats (recommended for hypochondriacal persons) included among its ingredients, adders, bats, sucking whelps, earthworms, hogs' grease, the marrow of a stag, and the thighbone of an ox. For a child suffering from nervousness, the prescription of Dr. William Bulleyn, a famous physician akin to the Queen, was, "a smal yonge mouse, rosted." Even as late as the reign of King William and Mary we read of "crabs eyes," and "the juice of thirty hogslice at six o'clock at night" being administered by the *élite* of the profession to the royal patient. Next day, however, King William "looked very well and was cheerful!"

Rational medicine may be said to have been born about a century and a-half ago; abroad the condition of the profession was probably inferior to that in London. For many years prior to 1684, the French Academy mustered only one solitary anatomist. In Spain the circulation of the blood was denied for a hundred and fifty years after Harvey's discovery! It is unnecessary to quote passages, but the dramatists were up to date in their knowledge of the to-and-fro-to-the-heart movement of the blood through veins and arteries.

In addition to their knowledge of Physiology and Anatomy, the "catterpillars of the Commonwealth" exhibit a wide acquaintance with the properties of drugs. In contrast to remedies then current, they display the modern spirit of Homeopathy. Note, for example, their ideas upon aconite, or as Shakespeare, Webster, Middleton, and the unknown author of *Lochrine* professionally term it *aconitum*. Webster in *Appius and Virginia* says:—

"Observe this rule, *one ill must cure another*
As aconitum a strong poison brings
A present cure against all serpents stings.

So also, Ben Jonson in *Sejanus* (iii. 3).

"I have heard that aconite
Being timely taken hath a healing might
Against the scorpions stroke : the proof we'll give
That whilst two poisons wrestle, we may live."

With academic, almost pedantic accuracy they describe hair and whiskers as excrements, employing the term in its strictly classical meaning, "*outgrowth*."

"O heavens, she comes accompanied with a child
Whose chin bears no impression of manhood
Not a hair, not an excrement."—Kyd (*Soliman* i. 3), 1599.

"The barber's snip snap of dexterity hath moved off the
excrements of slovenry."—Ford (*Fancies* v. 2).

"Hair and nails . . . are excrements."
—Bacon (*Sylva Sylvarum*), 1627.

"Hair . . . is so plentiful an excrement."
—Shakespeare (*Comedy of Errors* ii. 2), 1623.

"Thus dally with my excrement, with my mustachio."
—Shakespeare (*Love's Labour Lost* v. 1), 1598.

The dramatic use of the word "pleurisy," or as it is generally spelt in modern editions, "plurisy," is peculiar, in every case it being misused apparently for "plethora." Its first employment is credited to Shakespeare, Professor Skeat considering it as "evidently formed as if from Latin *pluri*, crude form of *plus*; more by an extraordinary confusion with pleurisy."* I am, however, inclined to think that the word has crept into our language by a mistake. Tourneur in 1611 distinctly writes *pleurisie*. Greene in 1599 also obviously uses the word with a medical meaning.

* "Etymological Dictionary."

"Wounds must be cured when they be fresh and green,
And pleurisies when they begin to breed
With little care are driven away with speed."

—Greene (*Alphonsus*), 1599.

"Goodness, growing to a pleurisy ; (?)^{*} dies."

—Shakespeare (*Hamlet* iv. 7), 1603.

"Those too many excellencies that feed
Your pride, turn to a plurisy and kill
That which should nourish virtue."

—Beaumont and Fletcher (*Custom of Country* ii. 2), 1628—1647.

"Thy plurisie of goodness is thy ill
Thy virtues, vices, and thy humble lowness
Far worse than stubborn sullenness and pride."

—Massinger (*Unnatural Combat* iv. 1), 1639.

"Increased to such a pleurisie of lust."

—Tourneur (*Atheists Tragedy* iii. 1), 1611.

"The pluresie of people." —Anon (*Two Noble Kinsmen* v. 1), 1634.

In their ideas upon the cause and maintenance of life, the dramatists are on the same plane as Bacon, who, as he himself said, had been "puddering in physic" all his life, and was able, according to his contemporaries, to "outcant a London chirurgeon."

A witty example of the dramatic powers of outcanting is to be found in "The Fair Quarrel" of Thomas Middleton, a writer described by Ben Jonson as "a base fellow."

Act IV., Scene 2.—A chamber in the Colonel's house. The Colonel discovered lying on a couch, several of his friends watching him ; as the Surgeon is going out, the Colonel's Sister enters.

* How Shakespeare spells it in the quartos of *Hamlet* I have not had the opportunity of ascertaining. The passage was omitted in the folio, and only occurred in the quartos. *Plurisie* was sometimes the mode of spelling the disease ; see *The Garden of Health*.—Langham, 1633.

Col.'s Sist.—"O my most worthy brother, thy hard fate 'twas—
Come hither, honest surgeon, and deal faithfully
With a distressed virgin : what hope is there ?"

Surg.—"Hope? *Chilis** was 'scaped miraculously, lady."

Col.'s Sist.—"What's that, sir ?"

Surg.—"Cava vena : I care but little for his wound i' the
œsophag, not thus much, trust me ; but when they
come to diaphragma once, the small intestines,
or the spinal medul, or i' the roots of the
emunctories of the noble parts, then straight I
fear a syncope."

Col.'s Sist.—"Alas, I'm ne'er the better for this answer !"

Surg.—"Now I must tell you his principal dolour lies i'
the region of the liver, and there's both inflam-
mation and tumefaction feared; marry, I made him
a quadrangular plumation, where I used sanguis
draconis, by my faith, with powders incarnative,
which I tempered with oil of hypericon, and
other liquors mundificative."

Col.'s Sist.—"Pox a' your mundies figatives ! I would they were
all fired !"

Surg.—"But I purpose, lady, to make another experiment
at next dressing with a sarcotic medicament made
of iris of Florence ; thus, mastic, calaphena,
opoponax, sacrocolla."†

Col.'s Sist.—"Sacro-haltar ! what comfort is i' this to a poor
gentlewoman ? Pray tell me in plain terms what
you think of him.

Surg.—"Marry, in plain terms I know not what to say to
him ; the wound, I can assure you, inclines to
paralism, and I find his body cacochymic : being
then in fear of fever and inflammation, I nourish
him altogether with viands refrigerative, and
give for potion the juice of savicola dissolved
with water cerifolium : I could do no more, lady,
if his best ginglymus‡ were dissevered." [EXIT.

* *i.e.*, the *vena cava*, the largest vein in the body.

† A Persian gum. ‡ Joint.

A subject which seems rarely to have been absent from the dramatic mind is the peculiarly unpleasant one of ulcers and imposthumations; the poets never tire of harping on this repulsive and essentially prosaic theme. They dwell upon detail with the unction of medical students, but never in any instance is stroking with a dead man's hand recommended.

"That same former fatal wound of his
 . . . was not thoroughly healed
 But closely rankled under th' orifice.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill
 Inward corruption and infected sin
 Nor purged, nor healed, behind remained still
 And festering sore did rankle yet within.

. . . all mine entrails flow with pois'nous gore
 And th' ulcer groweth daily more and more."

—Spenser (*Fairy Queen* iv. 2, i. x., and iii. 2), 1590.

"Let me see the wound.
 This herb will stay the current, being bound
 Fast to the orifice, and this, restrain
 Ulcers and swellings and such inward pain
 As the cold air hath forced into the sore.
 This, to draw forth such putrefying gore
 As inward falls."

—Fletcher (*Faithful Shepherdess* iv. 2), 1610.

["He that turneth the humours back and maketh the wound bleed inwards endangereth malign ulcers and pernicious imposthumations."]—Bacon (*Essay: Sedition*), 1627.]

The medical aspect of this subject seems to have engrossed the mind of Francis Bacon to such an unhealthy extent that we find him writing to the king and attributing an attack of headache to "an imposthumation."

"It hath pleased God for these three days past to visit me with such extremity of headache . . . that I thought verily it had

been an imposthumation. And the little physic that I have told me, that either it must grow to a congelation and so to a lethargy or break and so to a mortal fever or sudden death."—Bacon (*Letter to King James*), 1621.

Not only do we find Bacon and the dramatists enlarging upon the medical aspect, but the subject seems to have possessed such fascination that we find them persistently employing it as a metaphor.

"‘Madam,’ said I, ‘how wisely and aptly can you speak and discern of physic ministered to the body and consider not that there is the like occasion of physic ministered to the mind . . . You have drawn the humour sufficiently, and therefore it were more than time, and it were but for doubt of mortifying or exulcerating, that you did apply and minister strength and comfort unto him.’"—Bacon (*Apology concerning Essex*), 1603.

"What a damned imposthume is a woman’s will. Can nothing break it?"—Webster (*White Devil* iv. 1), 1612.

"He would prove a rare firking satyrist
And draw the core forth of imposthumed sin."

—Marston (*Antonio and Mellida* iii. 3), 1602.

"Well, well, seeing the wound that *bleedeth inwardly* is most dangerous, that fyre kept close burneth most furious, that ye oven dammed up, baketh soonest, that sores *having no vent fester secretly*, it is hyghe tyme to unfolde my secret love to my secret friend."—Lyly (*Euphues*), Arber, 63, 1578—1580.

In his English Grammar we find Ben Jonson quoting from Sir John Cheke:—

"Sedition is an aposteam, which, when it breaketh inwardly, putteth the State in great danger of recovery; and corrupteth the whole Commonwealth with the rotten fury, that it hath putrified with."

With minds evidently predisposed, Bacon and the dramatists seized eagerly upon this State metaphor.

"Take away liberty of Parliament, the griefs of the subject will bleed inwards; sharp and eager humours will not evaporate,

and then they must exulcerate, and so may endanger the sovereignty itself."—Bacon (*Speech*), 1610.

"The people are up! . . .
What's the imposthume that swells them now?
Ulcers of realms!"

Middleton (*Mayor of Queenboro'* ii. 3), 1661.

"My lord, my lord, you wrong not yourself only but your whole State to suffer such ulcers as these to gather head in your Court."—Chapman (*Monsieur d'Olive* v. 1), 1606.

"The ulcers of an honest State, spite weavers
That live on poison only like swoln spiders."
Beaumont and Fletcher (*Wild Goose Chase* iii. 1), 1621.

"Have we maladies, and such imposthumes as Phantaste is, grow in our palace? We must lance these sores, or all will putrefy."—Ben Jonson (*Cynthia's Revels* v. 3), 1600.

"Thou insolent imposthume!"
—Beaumont and Fletcher (*Island Princess* i. 3), 1621—1647.

"We are here to search the wounds of the realm and not to skin them over."—Bacon (*Speech on Subsidy*), 1593.

"Noble gentleman? A tumour, an imposthume he is, Madam."
—Chapman (*Widows' Tears* i. 2), 1612.

"I have thought a cure for this great State imposthume. What? To lance it."—Shirley (*Traitor* ii. 1), 1635.

Raking over antiquity, Lyly, in *Euphues*, finds and revives an imposthume anecdote.

"For as he that stroke Jason on the stomacke to kill him, brake his imposthume with ye blow, whereby he cured him: so oftentimes it fareth with those that deale maliciously, who in steed of a sword apply a salve, and thinking to be one's Priest, they become his Phisition."—Lyly (*Euphues*), Arber, p. 330, 1578—1580.

In Bacon's *Promus* MS. we find him jotting down a note of this—

"The launching (lancing) of ye imposthume by him that intended murder."—Bacon (*Promus*), 1594.

In 1623 the story re-appears in a dramatic form.

"He is speechless, Sir, and we do find his wound
 So festered near the vitals all our art
 By warm drinks cannot clear th' imposthumation,
 And he's so weak to make incision
 By the orifex were present death to him.
 . . . (*He is stabbed by an assassin*).

Ha ! Come hither, note a strange accident.
 His steel has lighted in the former wound
 And made free passage for the congeal'd blood.
 Observe in what abundance it delivers
 The putrefaction."

—Webster (*Devil's Law Case* iii. 2), 1623.

I have, I think, quoted sufficient examples of this theme. Was it a thought so deep, a conceit so alluring, that it was thus tossed from poet to poet and transferred successively from one great mind to another? Were the dramatists satisfied and content thus to play the sedulous ape to each other? A similar question must be frequently asked in connection with other subjects equally *outrés*.

In passing, it is noteworthy that, when roused to choler, the dramatists seem usually to have had *diseases* uppermost in their minds. "The *red plague* rid you," says Caliban; Prospero retorts, "I'll rack thee with old *cramps*; fill all thy bones with *aches*." As a matter of fact, the poets seem to have had almost the whole gamut of human afflictions on their tongue-tips. See, for instance, Ford's *Broken Heart* (ii. 3, 1633), "*Aches, Convulsions, Imposthumes, Rheums, Gouts, Palsies, clog thy bones!*"

Speaking generally, the Elizabethan drama is redolent of physic. Whether there be any connection between this fact and the first "agreement" of the Rosicrucian Fraternity, "To cure the sick *gratis*,"* I cannot tell.

HAROLD BAYLEY.

* See "Real Hist. of Rosicrucians," Waite, p. 73.

MR. PITT-LEWIS'S "OUTLINE."

WE cordially welcome another active worker in the Baconian ranks. "The Shakespeare Story, an Outline," by Mr. Pitt-Lewis, K.C., is bound to be of good use in awakening the interest of a newer circle of readers in the subject of the authorship of the plays ascribed to Shakespeare. We happen to know that it has already done so.

But we dissent from his suggestion that the Baconian case is like the parts of an engine in need of being put together. Much has been done in this direction already. The three works of Mr. Reed, for instance. Mr. Pitt-Lewis indeed shews by footnotes that his case is largely helped by perusal of the books of that writer, and of Mr. Theobald, Mr. Bompas, Lord Penzance, Judge Webb, and others. While there can be many advantages in a book of evidence, such as is proposed by Mr. Pitt-Lewis, it is to be regretted that his preliminary "Outline," coming with the *imprimatur* of the editor of *Taylor on Evidence*, should shew so many signs of haste. Printer's errors abound, and are only partly corrected by the *corrigenda*. This may be explained by the footnote on page 106, but the occasion for hurry is not apparent. We accept the author's invitation to point out errors and inaccuracies. It would be imprudent to leave the duty to those whose first desire is to discredit us. Proceeding, therefore, to instances, there is no evidence that Lady Bacon was instrumental in obtaining the miniature which was painted of Francis Bacon, nor that he was recalled from France by the death of Sir Nicholas (he returned with dispatches), nor that the latter left money, which Francis shared as one of his next of kin. The money story is gossip retailed by Rawley. The queen provided for Francis (see his letter to Burleigh,

October, 1580). The evidence (namely, his own letters) is not that Francis determined to go to the Bar, but that he rather objected to it. The queen did not present Francis with a "Lodge at Twickenham." He had been resident there several years under Edward Bacon's lease, before the queen granted him the reversion. Sir Francis Knowllys is a very doubtful Sir Toby Belch; the book he held on the occasion referred to was not Latin but Aretine. Bacon's sources of income, after 1621, are not a subject of doubt (page 20). The *probability* is that Bacon was often in direct communication with actors (page 23). Greene, Christopher Marlowe, and Shaksper, were all actors. See the entry in Bacon's "Transportata," "To see Mr. Chr. on Wednesday concerning my new inventions." Chr. may be Christopher, or possibly short for Chaksper. Francis was clever enough not to need the "diplomacy" of Anthony (page 34). There is no proof of the proposed arrangement with Shaksper. It was natural that after the death of Greene and Marlowe, Bacon should employ some other person as mask. The notion of ministering to the mind diseased, is to be found in Spenser, long before *Macbeth* (page 51). Where did Mr. Pitt-Lewis obtain his explanation of the masque of the Indian boy? (page 71). It is not in Dixon as stated. Where is the proof that Tobie Matthew was in England when he wrote the "most prodigious wit" letter? (page 78). What is the meaning of the *genuine* Shakespeare plays? (page 82). Many others (not to mention *Pericles*) have internal evidence of the same authorship. What is the authority for stating that Ben Jonson was *notoriously* one of Bacon's "good pens"? (page 83). Why burden a book by the editor of *Taylor on Evidence* with the Southampton gift tradition, or, in fact, any other tradition, when there are plenty of good *facts* to work with? Neither the Lucy tradition, nor the

drinking traditions concerning Shaksper, have any claim to be considered as evidence. Many of the points outlined by Mr. Lewis, in favour of Baconian authorship, have been well dealt with by previous writers. Still, a book putting these and the new discoveries by Mr. Lewis in a strictly legal form and evidential order will be of excellent service. There is no *proof* that Shaksper was a drunkard, and any argument based upon the attitude of the writer of the plays towards drunkenness, has no evidential value. The argument that the plays were given an Italianate garb through the influence of Anthony Bacon, between 1593 and 1601, is not strong. Most things were Italianate in London long before this. As Mr. Ordish (in Shakespeare's *London*) has shewn with regard to the plays of the period, "It was the customary attuned to the romance of the distant." Moreover the Italianate *Comedy of Errors*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, appeared before, and *Othello* after, the period in question. *The Taming of a Shrew* was another Italianate play performed before this period, though printed in 1594.

It is curious that the revision of this play has in its Introduction, almost the only Warwickshire local colour to be found in the Shakspeare plays. Following just after the first use of the Shaksper mask in the 1593 *Venus and Adonis*, it seems to indicate a measure of precaution—an effort to more closely identify the new actor mask with the plays.

The Shake-scene theory of Mr. Pitt-Lewis will not strengthen his "Evidence." The notion of *Shake* combined with *speare* was as old as the *Shepherds Calendar* of 1579.

If Mr. Pitt-Lewis can, as he states at page 24, fully sketch the life of Robert Greene, he will be more successful than Dyce, Grosart, and others who have

essayed the task. There is no evidence of his coming to London, in 1583, nor that he was in Denmark in 1585. We do not agree with the "upstart crow" inference. There is no evidence that Shaksper attempted to mislead anybody at this date, 1592. No plays are anywhere attributed to him until 1598. If this be the whole argument of the "Evidence" it runs risk of breaking down—a matter to be deplored, as it might give pause to those who were otherwise disposed to accept our views. The probabilities are that Francis read the Hamlet story contained in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, 1571, while he was in France, and that he wrote the first draft of *Hamlet* about 1584. It was played by Lord Leicester's men in the spring of 1585, before the queen at Oxford, was also played on the Continent by the same players when Leicester took them over in August, 1585, and was referred to by Nash, in 1589.

We have criticised freely and frankly, as Mr. Lewis wished that we should do. To shrink from this would be no compliment to him. Accuracy, so far as it be possible to attain to it, is the life breath of the enquiry upon which we are mutually engaged. Mr. Pitt-Lewis will appreciate that those whom by his "Evidence" he may hope to convince will be the better influenced if he avoid watering his Evidence with weak or doubtful solutions, which had far better be threshed out, in the first instance, in the pages of some magazine. When we are reinforced by the strong fighting of an expert on the value and relevancy of various classes of evidence, we hope to have him at his best.

P. W.

THE GENESIS OF THE PLAYS.

AN endeavour to solve the origin of the Plays and Sonnets would take us to the year 1579, when a young man named Stephen Gosson (who for three years had been writing poetry and plays), gave up his calling, recanted his former opinions, and in a pamphlet called the "School of Abuse" condemned in unsparing terms, and in a wholesale manner both Poets and Poesy. Strangely enough this man, heading his attack "Poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such like caterpillars of a commonwealth," dedicated the pamphlet to Sir Philip Sidney. But while Sidney was universally regarded as a perfect example of courtesy, noble virtues, and deep religious feelings, yet he was himself a poet of no mean order, and a generous friend and patron of poets. This indiscriminate attack upon all poets, and doubtless the fact that Gosson had dedicated the pamphlet to him, caused Sidney to vindicate Poesy and Poets from so sweeping an attack, and in his "Apologie for Poetrie," a wonderful contribution to English literature, he laid down maxims, rules, principles, and figures which Bacon uses both in his acknowledged prose writings, and in the plays. Indeed the germ, and essential principle of the *Wisdom of the Ancients* may be traced to Sidney's *Apologie*, and it would be a difficult matter to overrate the tremendous bearing that this book had upon the production and construction of the Plays.

Sidney shows that "the Philosophers of Greece durst not for a long time appear to the world, but under the mask of Poets." Francis Bacon years afterwards expanded this truth, and others bearing on it, declaring in the preface of the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, that even in his day it was necessary to adopt the same mask, and teach by metaphor, allegory, and allusion. In the play of

As You Like It he openly adopts the rôle of the fool or clown to teach under this cover his mighty lessons. The very name of the piece reveals his aim and method to teach people in the manner "*As They Prefer It*," or "*As You Like It*."

In his "Apologie," Sidney shows that Poetry has ever been "the first light giver to ignorance," and we shall try and trace Bacon taking up this idea, working out the principle, and weaving it into his secret work.

In the development of his argument Sidney holds that :—

"Poesy is a counterfeiting or figuring forth, to speak metaphorically a speaking picture, with this end to teach and delight," and instances as right poets

"those who move men to take that goodness in hand, which without delight they would fly, as from a stranger."

Passing on, he maintains the final end of poetry is :—

"to lead and draw us to as high a perfection as our degenerate souls, made worse by their clay lodgings, can be capable of."

This beautiful figure is reproduced in the "*Merchant of Venice*," Act V., Sc. I.

"Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

Sidney goes on to compare the Poet with the Philosopher and the Historian, and demonstrates how the "Poet surpasses all (bating comparison with the Divine), for the one giveth the precept, the other the example; but the peerless Poet performs both: for whatsoever the philosopher saith, shall be done, he giveth a perfect picture of it by someone, by whom he pre-supposeth it was done," and he finishes his comparison by saying:—

"For conclusion I say the philosopher teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him ; that is to say, he teacheth them that are already taught. But the poet is the food for the tenderest stomachs, the poet is indeed the right popular philosopher."

From the comparison of the Poet with the historian and the philosopher, Sidney proceeds to show the Poet to be the Monarch of all human sciences. Here we would ask close attention to this beautiful passage that Bacon uses and paraphrases into his own prose and verse.

"For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it ; nay he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure divinations which must blur the margin with interpretations and load the memory with doubtfulness, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well enchanting skill of music ; and with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner ; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue ; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things by hiding them in such others as have a pleasant taste."

Reviewing first the influence in his prose, in the Hermit's Speech, Bacon says :—

"The gardens of love wherein he now playeth himself are fresh to-day and fading to-morrow, as the sun comforts them or is turned from them. But the garden of the muses keep the privilege of the golden age, they ever flourish and are in league with time. . . . Yea in some cliff it leadeth the eye beyond the horizon of time, and giveth no obscure divinations of times to come."

Note the influence of the later lines of the paragraph, on the well-known passage in *Love's Labour Lost*.

"Which his fair tongue—conceits expositor—
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravished ;
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse."

Returning to Sidney's argument, that men are glad to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Corus, and Æneas, and learn from them the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice, we find him saying :—

"Truly I have known men, that even with reading Amadis de Gaule which wanteth much of a perfect poesy, have found their hearts moved to the exercise of courtesy, liberality, and especially courage. For even those hard hearted evil men who think virtue a school name, and know no other good but 'indulgere genio,' and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reason they stand upon ; yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the goodfellow poet seems to promise, and so steal to see the form of goodness, which seen, they cannot but love, ere themselves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries."

This philosophic view of the power and utility of allegory and poesy to insensibly subdue the savage and brutal mind, Bacon uses and develops in his *Wisdom of the Ancients* for the learned and grave, while in the Plays he wars against vices, evils, and brutal manners, by means of allegory and metaphor.

Sidney proceeds to clench his argument by instancing the power of the poet's work.

"Infinite proofs of the strange effects of this poetical invention might be alleged ; only two shall serve, which are so often remembered as I think all men know them. The one is of Menenius Agrippa, who, when the whole people of Rome had resolutely divided themselves from the senate, with apparent show of utter ruin, though he were, for that time, an excellent orator, came not among them upon trust, either of figurative speeches, or cunning insinuations, much less with far-fetched maxims of philosophy, which, especially if they were Platonic,

they must have learned geometry before they could have conceived ; but forsooth he behaveth himself like a homely and familiar poet. He telleth them a tale, that there was a time when all the parts of the body made a mutinous conspiracy against the belly, which they thought devoured the fruits of each others labour ; they concluded they would let so unprofitable a spender starve. In the end, to be short (for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale) with punishing the belly they plagued themselves. This applied by him wrought such effect in the people, as I never read that only words brought forth ; but then so sudden and so good an alteration, for upon reasonable conditions a perfect reconcilment ensued."

Bacon, in his character of unseen and unknown perpetuator of the spirit, thought, and methods of working of his model, in numbers of instances in the plays, not only works out Sidney's ideas, but actually repeats his illustrations. For instance in *Coriolanus*, is to be found Sidney's example.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA :

"Either you must
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale, it may be you have heard it ;
But since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale 't a little more.

2nd CITIZEN :

Well
I'll hear it ; but you must not think
To fob off our disgrace with a tale :
But and 't please you, deliver.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA :

There was a time when all the bodie's members
Rebelled against the belly ; thus accused it :
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o th' body idle and inactive
Still cupboarding the viand never bearing
Like labour with the rest. . . .

2nd CITIZEN :

Well sir, what answer made the belly ?

MENENIUS AGRIPPA :

Note me this good friend ;
 Your most grave belly was deliberate
 Not rash like his accusers, and thus answered.
 True is it my incorporate friends quoth he
 That I receive the general food at first,
 Which you do live upon : and fit it is ;
 Because I am the store house and the shop
 Of the whole body : But if you do remember,
 I send it through the rivers of your blood,
 Even to the court, the heart, to the seat of the brain,
 And through the cranks and offices of man :
 The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
 From me receive that natural competency
 Whereby they live." Act I., Sc. I.*

Passing over a number of interesting features in Sidney's "Apologie," we find him expressing his opinions as to the reason why Poesy had fallen into such disrepute, contempt and baseness, as to justify the strictures of Gosson. Briefly he gives the reason ; "because no encouragement was given to the learned," and "England had become a hard stepmother," inferring that it was the discouraging influence of court, that had produced this barbarous declension in taste.

"Sweet poesy ! that anciently had Kings, Emperors, Senators, great Captains, such as David, Adrian, Sophocles, Germanicus, not only to favour poets, but to be poets ; and of our nearer times can present for her patrons, a Robert King of Sicily ; the great King Francis of France ; King James of Scotland ; such cardinals as Bembo and Bembo ; such famous preachers and teachers as Beza and Melancthon ; so learned philosophers as Frascatorius and Scaliger ; so great orators as Pontanus and Muretus ; so piercing wits as George Buchanan ; so grave councillors as that Hospital of France. That poesy thus embraced in all other places should only find in our time a hard welcome in England. I think the very earth laments it, and therefore decks our soil

* Bacon could of course have drawn this from the same source as Sidney, viz: Plutarch.

with fewer laurels than it was accustomed. For heretofore poets have in England also flourished ; and which is to be noted, even in those times when the trumpet of Mars did sound loudest. And now that an over faint quietness should seem to strew the the house for poets, they are almost in as good reputation as the mountebanks in Venice. . . . Upon this, necessarily followeth that base men with servile wits undertake it, who think it enough if they can be rewarded of the printer; and so as Epaminondas is said with the honour of his virtue, to have made an office by his exercising it, which before was contemptible, to become highly respected ; so these men, no more but setting their names to it, by their own disgracefulness, disgrace the most graceful poesy."

The *Apologie for Poetrie* by Sidney is, we believe, one of the most inspiring causes of the construction and edifice of the plays, built on the broad sound basis of the uplifting of men, the enlarging the horizon of the mind, the extending the empire of man, and the advancement of learning and culture. This noble pamphlet was written in 1581, and passed in manuscript among the writer's friends. His death (a national calamity), occurring in 1586, and his known request that his works should not be printed, determined Bacon, we believe, to embody doctrines so harmonising with his own in the only popular form common to the time. Consequently not long after the death of Sidney we find the unknown, unseen Poet-philosopher quietly issuing anonymously works intended by him, while amusing and fascinating the people, to lift out of the dust of contempt and reproach, the school of English Poesy ; with the still higher and primary aim, the emancipation of the human mind from the fetters hindering its progress.

GEORGE JAMES.

BACON IN THE SONNETS

I SUBMIT two parallel passages from Bacon and Shakespeare which appear to have escaped notice.

Bacon.

"The monuments of wit survive the monuments of power; the verses of the poet endure without a syllable lost, while states and empires pass many periods."

"Who, then, to *frail mortality* shall trust,
But limns the water, or but writes in dust."

Shakespeare.

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry."

"Since brass nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But *sad mortality* o'er-sways their power."

It will be recollected that in the Dedication of *The Advancement of Learning* to the king Bacon writes:—

"This attribute of your Majesty deserveth to be expressed, not only in the fame and admiration of the present time, nor in the history and the tradition of the ages succeeding, but also in some solid work, fixed memorial, and immortal monument."

This is worthy of comparison with Shakespeare's,

"And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crest and tombs of brass are spent,"

and:—

"Your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom."

We have it on the authority of Bacon himself that he once wrote a Sonnet to the Queen endeavouring to reconcile her to Essex. This sonnet has been lost. I was recently asked if a single Sonnet of those attributed to Shakspeare could be fitted into the circumstances of Bacon's life. I at once instanced Sonnet 57, which reads :

“Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
 When you have bid your servant once adieu ;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
 Save, where you are how happy you make those.
 So true a fool is love that in your will,
 Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.”

It seems to me that no historian has ever drawn with truer pen the predominant characteristics of Elizabeth than the writer of this Sonnet. Every line fits into Bacon's circumstances. During the Queen's reign, all that Bacon obtained was the unpaid office of Queen's Counsel, in which position he was her “slave,” ever at her beck and call. If your readers desire a commentary on this Sonnet, I suggest a perusal of the sixth section of *Francis Bacon : An Account of his Life and Works*, by Edwin A. Abbott, entitled “Bacon Suing.” Here we read :—

“Whether the cause was bashfulness or pride, the mistrust of his uncle Burghley, the jealousy of his cousin Cecil, or the Queen's doubts of his stability for business, something stood in the way of Bacon's suit for place” (pp. 33, 34).

Then Dr. Abbott shows how Bacon's petitions for

advancement were treated by Elizabeth with continual refusals, enough to evoke the lines addressed to her in this Sonnet. Bacon's life at court at this time was monotonous, unoccupied and insecure, but the hope of preferment—an ambition to shine as a great statesman and a great lawyer—rendered it endurable.

In the succeeding Sonnet, 58, where could we have a better description of Bacon's circumstances, when he accepts submissively all the humiliation and abasement to which he is subjected as an attendant at court? The Sonnet runs :

“That God forbid that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure !
 O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
 Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty ;
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
 That you yourself may privilege your time
 To what you will ; to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell ;
 Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.”

I would ask any believer in the Shakspearean authorship of the Sonnets to “fit” the two I have quoted into the life of the man of Stratford more effectively than they can be done into the life of Bacon, and at the same time to explain how a common player and erst-while butcher came to give forth this wail in Sonnet

III :

“O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than public means which public manners breeds.
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand ;

And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

I am strongly of belief that here we have no confession from the butcher's boy who had nothing to complain of with regard to his position as actor and money-maker at the Globe, and who, as Pope said,

" For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew immortal, in his own despite ;"

but the confession of Bacon—the proto-type of his own *Timon of Athens*—a misanthrope, whose impecuniosity forced him to adopt the writing of plays, a dispised profession, as a partial means of livelihood.

GEORGE STRONACH.

NOTES, QUERIES, AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Ravenspurg

I N *Lost England: the story of our submerged coasts*,* there is given a most interesting account of the once flourishing port of Ravenspurg. It was here that Bolingbroke first set foot on his return from France.

The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg. (Richard II., Act.II., Sc. 2.)

Shakespeare makes many allusions to the place which, it may be news to some, is now submerged under the waters of the Humber.

When we reflect on the illustrious figure played in British History by Ravenspurg, which was the starting

* Beccles Wilson. Newnes, 1s.

point of three successful revolutions, it is surprising that so little is known of it.

In 1355 a storm destroyed one of the principal burial-grounds, necessitating the transference of the dead bodies to a neighbouring parish. In 1357 the tides are said to have risen higher by four feet than previously. It was in 1399 that Bolingbroke, with a gorgeous retinue, made his historic landing.

In 1471, Edward IV., having fled the country, relanded at Ravenspur, whence he marched to Barnet.

"The sound of the trumpets and drums, and the marching men of Edward's army had scarce died away in the ears of the burgesses ere the angry sea began to finish the fell work it had commenced a century before. Not only Ravenspur, but such other towns and villages as had not yet suffered from the 'rage and surgies' of the ocean, saw their own doom in the advancing tide.

"All information as to the precise date of the final destruction of Ravenspur, as a seaport, is probably lost. Some record may, however, remain among the archives of Government, or in the hands of some private land-owner, but, if so, it has not yet been made public. My own conclusions point to its having been submerged about 1530."

"The Conversion of Sir Tobie Matthew"*

PRESSURE of space, has, we regret, prevented our earlier notice of this book. The following extract will stimulate a zest for better acquaintance with Bacon's *Alter Ego* :—

"The plague was then hot in London, and yet it was in no power of mine to get released from that prison for any time, though I offered great security for return-

* Burns & Oates, Limited, cr. 8vo., 178 pp.

ing to make myself prisoner upon all warnings. But my Lord of Canterbury Bancroft's zeal (if it were not rather somewhat else) was so great that it would not give way at that time. Yet Sir Francis Bacon, my noble and true friend, was so very earnest with many of the great ones, to get me leave to wait upon him with my keeper as often as he should desire it, that at length he made the Bishop more flexible, and obtained that kind of liberty for me. I was informed afterwards that he got it with the less difficulty by promising that he would deal earnestly with me about my return to Protestant religion; but, for my part, I was not of the plot. It is true that now and then he would be speaking some little thing to me of that kind; but he was quickly and very easily to be answered; for he was in very truth (with being a kind of a monster both of wit and knowledge also in other things) such a poor kind of creature in all those which were questionable about religion, that my wonder takes away all my words. I remember that once he talked to me of the invisible Church, and of Elias, who was the only prophet, and the only true worshipper of God of his time, and I know not what more of that kind. Now, I could not upon that occasion but turn a little quick upon him, and say: 'Jesus, sir! Are you but there yet? And are you gotten no further yet than to the objection of Elias, and the like? I much wonder to find such a doubt in you as this, which hath been answered a thousand times, and no man replies upon our answers; but they are fully still as fresh with the same objection as if still they were in the first day of their dreams.' He was then very much pricked, and told me with more feeling than ordinary, that my wonder was rather a wonder of ignorance and pride than a show, either of any good desire to be instructed in his religion, or of any great ability to uphold mine own, for that we all could not

tell how to make any good answer to that one objection. We seldom met after upon such arguments, but I passed my time with him in much gust, for there was not such company in the whole world."

Bacon was apparently stronger in charity than disputation. He was as contemptuous of plodders at *ergo*, as he was probably indifferent to the exact number of angels who could stand on the point of a needle—a problem greatly exercising theologians and logicians.

"William Shakespeare, His Family and Friends"*

UNDER this title has been recently published an interesting series of papers by the late Mr. Elton, Q.C., a learned lawyer and antiquary, materials for a more elaborate work, which he did not live to complete. Mr. Andrew Lang prefaces it with a pleasant biographical sketch of the kindly and accomplished author.

The book contains a collection of various information relating to William Shakspeare, his family, his surroundings, and his contemporaries; and many passages in the plays are illustrated from old customs.

Pilgrims to Stratford will regret that Mr. Elton does not admit the identity of Anne Hathaway with Agnes Hathaway, daughter of Richard Hathaway of Shottery, which Halliwell-Phillipps thought probable.

"Accost, Sir Andrew, Accost!"

TWELFTH NIGHT, ACT I., SCENE II.

Sir Toby Belch.

"Accost, Sir Andrew, accost!"

Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

"What's that?"

* John Murray, 12s. 6d.

Sir Toby Belch.
Maria.
Aguecheek.

"My neice's chambermaid."
 "My name is Mary, Sir."
 "Good Mistress Mary Accost."

Miss Alicia A. Leith points out that the foregoing passage has some derivation from Culpeper's *English Physician Enlarged*.

"Cost-Mary, or Ale Cost, or Balsam Herb is a wonderful help to all sorts of day Agues."

Rebus Signatures

A CORRESPONDENT draws our attention to architectural signatures existing in Peterbro and Canterbury Cathedrals. At Peterbro, the designer has interwoven a small church and a barrel—his name was *Kirk-tun*. At Canterbury, the visitor may see a gilded stone let into the roofwork, signifying *gold stone*—the name of the designer.

Doubtless there are many more similar instances, additional proof—if any were needed—of the estimation in which these childish conceits were held by men of gravity.

Ruskin on Bacon

"'GOD'S first creature, which was Light.' You know whose words those are—the words of the wisest of Englishmen."

Crown of Wild Olive.

"Boston Ideas"

A PERIODICAL published in Boston, U.S.A., comments as follows on Mr. R. M. Theobald's brochure, *The Ethics of Criticism*:—

"Mr. Collins is a prominent reviewer and teacher, with a reputation for literary ability ; but it seems that the unwarrantable manner in which he has dealt with their (Baconians) works and others of a kindred nature are of themselves sufficient to destroy whatever effort he might make in any direction in the future, until his *amende honorable* is forthcoming.

"When one who plumes himself on being a public critic has had pointed out to him in a most commendable spirit wrong conclusions, which he deliberately refuses to correct, he deserves to be put in the public pillory and openly condemned. And the higher his position, the greater need of punishment."

The writer continues :—

"Talk about 'monomania,' 'sanity,' etc., there is nothing in the long line of literary discussion since the revival of learning that is so abnormal—off its base—that can equal the extremism, the vituperation, defamation, and polished ruffianism, as illustrated by certain leading pro-Shakesperean advocates in their discussion of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy."

English Literature

THE work upon which Dr. Garnett's Muse has lately been employed has now come forth.* It takes the form of what Ben Jonson would have termed "something they call a play." Here is an extract :

Sixth Scholar.

"Dear master, did you ever kill a pig ?"

Shakespeare.

"Aye, boy, and thou dost mind me that, when once
A daughter of swart Egypt scanned my palm,
This was the sibyl's rede. Beware of bacon.
Dark speech ! which the far future shall unriddle."

Mr. Lee Sits Corrected

WE are glad to see that Mr. Lee is expunging some of his errors.

"At the time of his death in 1616 there had been printed in quarto seven editions of his *Venus and Adonis* (1593, 1594, 1596,

* "William Shakespeare : Pedagogue and Poacher." A Drama, by Richard Garnett. 3s. 6d. net. London : John Lane.

1599, 1600 and two in 1602), and five editions of his *Lucrece* (1594, 1598, 1600, 1607, 1616)."—*Life of Shakespeare*, Lee. 1st to 4th edition (1898-9).

"I find also that Mr. Lee has no better acquaintance with the quartos . . . Mr. Lee ought to have known that only the first two editions of *Venus and Adonis*, and only the first edition of *Lucrece* were 'printed in quarto.'"—*A Critic Criticised*, Stronach (1904).

"At his death in 1616 there had been printed seven editions of *Venus and Adonis* (1593 and 1594 in quarto, 1596, 1599, 1600, and two in 1602, all in small octavo), and five editions of *Lucrece* (1594 in quarto, 1598, 1600, 1607 and 1616, in small octavo)."—*Life of Shakespeare*, Lee. Hampstead edition (1904).

"Baconiana"

READERS are invited to exert their influence to extend the circulation of *Baconiana*. In addition to forming a link between Baconians in various parts of the world, and keeping them abreast with the latest aspects of the controversy, the magazine affords a fund of information on the Elizabethan period, and is of interest to all thoughtful people.

The commencement of the present volume is an appropriate time to bring the publication more into notice.

Ben Jonson

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers give me information in regard to this question?

I have frequently seen it stated that about 1620-23, Ben Jonson was a private secretary to Lord Bacon, or one of his "good pens." What is the definite authority for this statement? I fail to find it in Spedding, or, under the caption of Ben Jonson, in N. D. B.

ISAAC HULL PLATT.

Wallingford, Pennsylvania, Nov. 4, 1904.

A Hamlet Amendment

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—Referring to note on page 135, April number, "A Hamlet Amendment," I would say that in the Staunton repro-

duction of the first folio the word in Polonius' speech referred to is *vilde*, not *viled*; so also in the textual notes of the Cambridge Edition and Furness's Variorum. *Vilde* is the old spelling for *vile*, frequent throughout Shakespeare. Of course there is no question about the meaning of *filed*. It occurs in the sense referred to in *L. L. L.*, V., 1, 12: "His tongue filed, his eye ambitious." But this does seem to apply to the passage in *Hamlet*. "Beautified Ophelia" certainly is a vile phrase, and suggests the use of paint and cosmetics, which Shakespeare held in such abhorrence.

ISAAC HULL PLATT.

Wallingford, Pennsylvania, Nov. 4, 1904.

The Begetter of the Sonnets

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

THE begetter of the first 26 Sonnets I take to be young Cavendish, who afterwards became Baron Hardwick and Duke of Devonshire. In 1608 his father, on the recommendation of the Principal of Magdalene Hall, engaged Tom Hobbes to be his tutor and companion. He married in the same year the daughter of Lord Bruce of Kinloss. The King made the match and dowered the bride, a child of 12 years. They had no establishment for some years. From then to 1610 Cavendish and his companion, Hobbes, devoted themselves to hunting, and hawking, and other amusements, Hobbes negotiating loans and mortgages, borrowing wherever he could, that he might gratify the expensive tastes of his young master; they were about the same age. The Sonnets were said to be circulated before the small quarto of 1609 were published. Bacon must have been acquainted with this youth; he is said to have been the means of Hobbes being introduced to Bacon.

Yours faithfully,

Dec. 6, 1904.

JOSEPH BROWN.

P.S.—See *Hobbes*, by George Robertson.

The Fable of Orpheus

TO THE EDITOR OF "BACONIANA."

SIR,—In *De Sapientia Veterum*, Bacon claims that the fable of Orpheus has *never been well interpreted*, and then proceeds to put forward his own deep and rich exposition. A year earlier he wrote to King James, mentioning this same fable, observing that *it was anciently interpreted*, etc., etc. Can any of your readers tell me whether there is an ancient interpretation similar to Bacon's anywhere to be found, or whether this expression of his is merely a modest figure of speech?

Yours faithfully,

H. B.